

Ignorance Is Bliss

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Ignorance Is Bliss

by [Lise](#)

Summary

Rather than letting Thor go to the arena, Loki makes a different call. Thor finds out the nature of Loki's "deal" with the Grandmaster.

He's not particularly happy about it.

Notes

Wrote this one for a prompt I got on Tumblr, and I guess at this point it counts as a second Christmas present? What a dubious present it is. I'm so proud. I feel like "one sweet Steve/Loki fic and one dubious Loki/Grandmaster fic" really represents who I am as a person.

At least, I'm rolling with it.

Thanks to my beta for her patient editing and validation, and to everyone on my [Tumblr](#) for enabling me.

WARNING: note that the dub-con here is real and bordering on non-con, so if that's a trigger for you, be careful.

Life, Loki thought, did not turn in moments of carefully considered decisions or meticulous plans

or long and cautious deliberation. It turned in split-second decisions: the choice to run toward the Kursed instead of away, the choice to fall, the choice to call the Bifrost to Midgard in the hope of escaping a surprise sister.

The choice to say “no, wait,” when Thor was to be removed to the arena. The silence that followed was - profound.

Oh, shit, Loki thought. He'd spent weeks cultivating a relationship with the Grandmaster. Weeks. Was he really going to throw that away to keep Thor out of the arena, where he would no doubt handle himself perfectly ably?

Thor was looking at him like he was a little surprised, too.

“Problem?” The Grandmaster said.

Loki did not lick his lips nervously. Did not shift. Summoned a smile. “You could ...perhaps spare him? As a favor to me.”

“A favor! Really, how - how audacious of you.” Loki tried not to tense, but the Grandmaster just grinned at him. “I like that about you, Loki. Bold.” He paused, looked Thor over. “All right. Just a - a small favor, fair enough. I think the disc stays on, though. Just to be safe.”

Loki kept his eyes on the Grandmaster, not looking at Thor, and offered an appreciative smile. “I'm grateful for the generosity.”

“I'm sure you are,” the Grandmaster said expansively. “I'm sure you'll - show me how much later. Right?” Loki's smile felt a little strained. Thor had *better* be grateful, he thought viciously.

“Loki,” Thor said lowly, but the Grandmaster waved a hand.

“Wheel him on out,” he said. “Put him...you know where to put him. You, now...” He looked Loki up and down. “Let's talk about gratitude, hm?”

Talking about gratitude did not, exactly, involve much *talking*. At least not on Loki's part.

He bobbed his head up and down, mouth full of the Grandmaster's cock and listening to him ramble about *proper channels* and *you've got so much audacity, it's charming, really, but a little - you know, not always appropriate* and *it's cute, though, you care about him, always nice to - mm, like that - to see a family reunion.*

Eventually the Grandmaster pulled Loki's mouth off his cock and pushed Loki onto the floor, ass in the air, pulling out the plug that had been teasing Loki's prostate for a good half hour and replacing it with his cock.

“I like you,” the Grandmaster said, fucking in and out of Loki with slow, ruthless strokes. “I really do, Lo-lo, but you know - you still seem a little confused about how things *work* here.” He stopped, and Loki dug his fingers into the carpet and heard himself whine. “I just want you to - *you* know. Be aware.”

“I'm aware,” Loki gasped.

“Are you?” The Grandmaster adjusted Loki's hips, next thrust skating over his prostate in a way that send pleasure shivering through him, but not nearly enough. “Because I'm just - I'm *really* not sure. You get awfully bossy sometimes. And I like that but I - *don't*, you know?”

“Ah - yes,” Loki said breathlessly.

“That’s good,” the Grandmaster said. “I’d really *hate* for there to be any misunderstandings.”

He started moving faster, smooth thrusts pumping in and out, driving Loki up but not offering nearly enough for release. The Grandmaster came inside him with a sigh of satisfaction just as Loki’s ass was starting to burn. He stayed there, balls deep, seemingly untroubled by Loki’s body clenching around him as he gasped, quivering with the desire to come.

When he pulled out it was almost immediately to work the plug back into him. It nudged against him *just* enough to make him jerk, a few drops leaking from his cock.

“There,” the Grandmaster said, patting his ass lightly. “Just...leave that in, won’t you? Consider it a reminder.”

Loki rested his forehead against the carpet. It was very clear that the Grandmaster wasn’t going to help him finish, and he didn’t tend to approve of Loki finishing himself, at least not in his presence. “A reminder,” he said weakly. “Right.”

“Good boy,” the Grandmaster said warmly, and Loki almost groaned.

He at least got to wash before he went back to his room, not quite limping but definitely sore, and sensitive, and if he wasn’t hard anymore, he was definitely *frustrated*.

And very aware of the plug up his ass.

At least back in his own room he’d be able to get himself off properly, and try not to think about how he’d just effectively whored himself out for Thor’s sake. Even if he’d already been doing so, just for his own sake instead. It still galled, *just* a little.

Loki stopped dead in the doorway, staring at Thor, still strapped down and looking *extremely* upset, in the corner of his room. Loki stared at him for a long moment, huffed, and headed for the bathroom.

“*Loki*,” Thor said. “Let me out of this chair *right now*—”

“I need to piss,” Loki interrupted, and shut the door firmly behind him.

He didn’t piss. He *did* try to jack himself off, but it was decidedly *difficult* when his thoughts kept straying to Thor in the other room, and *damn* but he did not want Thor to know what he was doing. Oh, no. That was one thing that Thor could remain perfectly ignorant of. Loki had saved his *life*.

He didn’t need to know more than that.

Eventually Loki gave up, washed his hands, and stepped back out of the bathroom, crossing his arms.

“*Loki*,” Thor growled.

“If I let you go are you going to attack me?” Loki asked.

Thor looked like he was thinking about it. Loki’s stomach twisted bitterly, but eventually Thor said, “no. But - what are you doing? How did you—”

“I’ve been here for weeks,” Loki said. “I’ve been busy. Making friends.”

“With that - that-” Thor seemed to be struggling to find an adequate word. “Loki - Asgard needs us.”

“Asgard is gone,” Loki said brutally. He’d resigned himself to that. Just as he’d resigned himself to Thor being dead. The one not being true didn’t mean the other wasn’t. “Our mad sister has undoubtedly destroyed it by now. I must say, it’s rather nice to be outclassed in that department.”

Thor’s eyes flared with anger. “You would be *flippant* at a time like this? You cannot assume-”

“I can assume what is reasonable,” Loki snapped. “I can assume that I have no desire to die a pointless death. I can assume that I would rather stay here and establish a position of power. Give it a few years and I’ll put a knife in the Grandmaster’s back and take his place.” He paused. “You’re welcome to join me.”

Thor stared at him. “I’m not going to run away.”

“Yes, well,” Loki said waspishly, “you aren’t going anywhere, either.” Still, he waved a hand, and the locks on the chair snapped open. Thor stood up fast, turning his head back and forth, no doubt taking in the sheer luxury of his quarters.

It *did* pay to be the Grandmaster’s personal concubine.

“That creature,” Thor said. “He’s mad. And dangerous.”

Loki was abruptly aware, once again, of the full feeling in his ass. Sliding between uncomfortable and pleasurable depending on how he stood. Loki wasn’t sure which was worse. “I’m aware.”

“But you’ve *befriended* him.”

“Better than than making enemies,” Loki said. “I’m very charming.” *Oh, yes, and he likes my ass. And my cheekbones. And my legs. Apparently I’m very pretty.*

Thor narrowed his eyes. “We are going to leave this place.”

“How are you going to do that?” Loki asked. “Just hop on out of here and ask the nearest slaver for a ride? They’ll just bring you right back here. Don’t be stupid, Thor.”

“I’d rather be stupid than a coward,” Thor shot back.

My cowardice saved your life, Loki wanted to say, but he stopped himself and decided to ignore him instead. His mouth still tasted like the Grandmaster’s cock, and he did not particularly want to encourage Thor to rhapsodize on the virtues of bravery.

Thor did not seem to appreciate his silence. “We *are* going to leave this place,” he growled. “If you won’t find a way, I will.”

“I’m not going to help with that,” Loki said flatly. “I’m not inclined to let you throw your life away after I stuck my neck out to save it.”

That actually seemed to give Thor pause.

“Besides,” Loki said, “there’s the little matter of that disc on your neck.”

“So take it off,” Thor said.

“I might if I could,” Loki said. “But unfortunately, I’m fairly sure doing so without having the

controller would have rather unpleasant consequences.”

“You *might*,” Thor said.

“Mm,” Loki said. He would. He knew he would. There was a certain *affront* to seeing Thor like this. But he wasn’t going to let Thor know that.

Petty? Yes. Loki could accept petty.

He walked over to the couch and dropped down onto it, only to jolt a little upright as the motion reminded him very pointedly of his current - *situation*. He shifted, trying to get comfortable, but every movement just made the plug move in extremely distracting ways, rubbing inside him. Thor frowned at him.

“You look flushed,” he said.

“Yes,” Loki snapped. “Irritation with one’s ox-stubborn brother will do that to you.”

Loki imagined that he could keep Thor from finding out the state of things forever. Or at least for a very long time.

The Grandmaster, of course, rather quickly punctured that hope. Because of course he did. The man had no sense of decency.

No, that wasn’t it. The fact that he walked into the room without knocking while Loki was half dressed was almost certainly deliberate.

“Well, hello,” he said, looking Loki up and down with thoroughly transparent admiration. Loki was acutely aware of Thor, sitting on the side of the bed. The Grandmaster glanced over at him. “You too, Sparkles. Don’t be jealous.”

Thor twitched, and Loki moved quickly to stand between them before Thor could do anything precipitous. “What brings you visiting?”

“Just coming to...say hello,” he said. “Check in. Make sure our new guest is settling.” Loki managed not to fidget. Mercifully, the Grandmaster hadn’t made him leave the toy in for long. Just long enough to introduce him to the fact that it could vibrate.

Sitting down today had been...a trial.

“I’d say he is,” Loki said, before Thor could say anything. Hoping it covered up his low growl.

“Oh good, good,” the Grandmaster said brightly. “Delightful. Also...I was planning a fantastic party on the Commodore tomorrow afternoon. You’re invited, of course.”

“Of course,” Loki said smoothly. “I wouldn’t miss it.”

“Sounds perfect, darling,” the Grandmaster said. “All you need to bring is your sweet self. Well, and your brother can join, if he wants.”

Loki caught Thor out of the corner of his eye staring back and forth between them.

Just in case that wasn’t obvious enough, the Grandmaster took the opportunity to saunter over and plant a wet, greedy kiss on Loki’s lips that rapidly deepened into something with a lot of tongue sliding along Loki’s with what felt like exaggerated relish.

And then slid his hand down between Loki's legs and grabbed him, squeezing. Loki jerked, his eyes widening, and the Grandmaster smiled at him.

"Don't forget," he purred. "We've got plans for lunch."

"We do?" Loki said a little faintly. Oh, Norns. Thor was watching. Thor was seeing all of this. Thor was going to know *exactly* how Loki had gained all his favor.

"We do now," the Grandmaster said. He released Loki's crotch but only to pat him, almost possessively. Loki twitched but managed to hold back any noise. "You're just too delicious to leave alone for long."

Loki could feel his entire face heating up. He opened his mouth and closed it. The Grandmaster hummed, smiled, and patted him on the chest before swanning out.

He could almost hear Thor choking and did *not* look at him.

"Are you - is he-"

Loki waited, wondering if he was going to actually get the words out or just keep sputtering.

"Are you *fucking* him?"

So he had managed. Loki was almost proud. "Well," he said, more casually than he felt. "Generally the other way around."

This time he *did* hear Thor choke. "You're - you're joking."

"Yes," Loki said. "I'm joking. It's a customary greeting on this planet to grab someone's cock and stick your tongue down their throat." Silence. "No, Thor," Loki said irritably. "I'm *not* joking."

He waited for the cries of horror, of *how could you, of you bring shame upon our house, of this is what you're doing to get ahead, you despicable wretch-*

"I'm going to kill him," Thor said, his voice very nearly a rumble of thunder. Loki turned in a whirl, eyes widening. Thor's expression had darkened, his hands were balled in fists at his sides, and he did indeed look like he was about to go storming out the door.

"Thor - Thor, *wait*," Loki said, a little alarmed. "Don't do that. It's not that easy-"

"I don't care if it's easy," Thor growled. "In fact, I'm *glad* it won't be easy. I'll break every bone in his body and wring his neck-"

"No," Loki said quickly. "No, you won't. What are you even - what brought *this* on?"

Thor's head swung toward him and he looked incredulous. "What do you mean, what brought this on? Isn't it obvious?"

"No," Loki shot back. "I'm afraid it isn't."

"I'm *angry*," Thor said, "because that - *reprobate* is *fucking my brother!*"

Loki blinked. "What?" He shook himself. "You've never been bothered by my choice of bedmates before-"

"Your bedmates have never been *homicidal madmen* before!"

What popped out of Loki's mouth was, "that you know of." Thor's head swiveled around, and Loki found a smile and said, "you have to admit that Amora..."

"This isn't *funny*," Thor said. "He's using you-"

"I know," Loki said.

"As soon as he's finished with you he's going to kill you-"

"I know."

"He—" Thor paused, his eyes widening. "Did you - did you bargain *yourself* for my life?"

Loki hesitated. "Not really," he said, and was a little surprised at himself. He could easily have held that over Thor's head. But he seemed so...indignant. Upset. It was dangerous, and not a little jarring.

"You're lying," Thor said, face alarmingly red. "They brought me here and you came back, hours later. Were you-"

"Yes, Thor," Loki said, slightly exasperated. "I was having sex. With the Grandmaster. As I have been for a couple of weeks. This isn't *new*."

"That doesn't make it better."

"Thor," Loki said, fiercely, "I'm *fine*."

Thor stared at him, still breathing hard. "It's *wrong*," he said, and sounded sincerely *distressed*. An odd pang went off like a match striking in Loki's chest.

"Thor," Loki said, "it's just sex. He's using me. I'm using him. It's thoroughly mutual."

Thor's nostrils flared. "I don't like it."

"You don't have to," Loki said. "You're not the one fucking him."

"Being fucked by," Thor corrected, which was Loki's fault for saying earlier, but still made him twitch.

"Whichever."

"You're out of your depth," Thor said. "And you know it."

That was true. Loki'd been aware of that for a while. From the first time he'd looked at the Grandmaster and the Grandmaster had looked at him and Loki'd thought *well, I know what's going to happen here*. Still, it was very rude of Thor to say it.

"I don't tell *you* how to live your life," Loki said peevishly.

"Yes," Thor said. "You do. You tell me how to live my life *all the time*." Loki scowled.

"I don't have to listen to this," he said, and stalked out.

"I get the feeling your brother doesn't like me very much," the Grandmaster said conversationally, three fingers buried to the knuckle inside him and stroking like he could push Loki's orgasm out of

him from inside. "You know - I think he tried to threaten me the other day. Me!"

Dammit, Thor, Loki thought, his hips rocking thoughtlessly into that intense, almost unbearable pressure. "He's just - *ah* - a bit, a bit protective."

"And he thinks you need protection from little old me?" His fingers crooked, ruthlessly, and Loki let out a fractured moan, shuddering.

"I can't - imagine why," he gasped out. The Grandmaster laughed lowly.

"It's sort of cute, really," he said. His fingers stopped and Loki groaned.

"Don't -"

"Hey now," he said. "That's not a good word."

Loki threw his head back and gave up on trying to talk. The Grandmaster bent his head to kiss Loki's chest and said, "that's more like it," before resuming, the deep massage almost ruthless. Loki heard himself moan with every stroke, the sound hopelessly obscene. He writhed, squirming, his cock twitching.

This time when the Grandmaster stopped, he managed to bite back his cry and just fought for air.

"There," he said approvingly, and when Loki finally came, it was so intense it almost hurt.

"Maybe I should bring your brother in on one of these little sessions sometime," the Grandmaster said, fingers still casually resting inside Loki's ass. "Just so he can see for himself how good I am to you."

Loki shuddered and almost whimpered. *Please, no*, he thought, but there was probably no quicker way to ensure he did exactly that than to say so. So he didn't say anything, shaking a little in the aftermath of his orgasm.

"So," the Grandmaster said, "what do you think?"

Loki swallowed a few times and managed a weak, "I don't think he would appreciate it."

The Grandmaster clicked his tongue. "Ah, well. It was a thought." He spread his fingers and Loki grunted, eyes slamming closed. "He seems to think you're - *unwilling*. That's not true, is it?"

"Of course - of course not," Loki said, a little faintly.

"Oh, good," the Grandmaster said. He pulled his fingers out and Loki sighed with relief, but the Grandmaster smiled at him and added, "so. I'm feeling some ropework. What do you think, sweetheart, darling, you *wonderful* creation?"

Loki licked his lips. "Sounds marvelous," he said.

"A little more enthusiasm would be nice," the Grandmaster said. "But that's okay. We'll get you there, won't we?"

The unfortunate thing, Loki thought, was that he probably would.

Thor was sitting on the couch when Loki got back to the room, shoulder muscles and thighs aching. He was flexible. That didn't mean the Grandmaster didn't enjoy finding the limits of that

flexibility.

Thor, on the other hand, looked like he'd run headlong several times into a wall that was even sturdier than he was. "Did you get in a fight?" Loki said, a little incredulous.

Thor's expression flattened. "It wasn't a *fight*. They didn't give me the chance to punch back." He prodded the disc on his neck. "This *thing* - I want it *off*. Now."

"I have no idea where the controller is," Loki said.

"You aren't *looking*."

"Not very hard, no." Loki stretched, rolling out his shoulders. "The Grandmaster said that you threatened him. You're lucky he was more amused than offended."

Thor looked like he was going to start grinding his teeth. "I told him if he didn't take his hands off you I was going to cut them off."

Loki winced. "Well," he said, "that explains the beating." And also the near threat to make Thor watch while the Grandmaster ravished Loki. Thor glanced at him, narrowed his eyes, and pressed his lips together.

"I don't have to ask where you're coming from, do I."

"Probably not." Thor just looked at him for a moment. "What," Loki snapped, unwilling shame curling up in his stomach. "At least I'm not getting myself electrocuted and beaten."

Thor strode over and Loki almost flinched back, but it was only to take one of his hands and push up his sleeve, baring the rope marks left on his skin. Loki had a feeling the Grandmaster had been making a point. "No," Thor said, almost gently. "You're just letting yourself be taken advantage of."

Loki tried to pull away, but Thor's grip tightened. "I am not-"

"Is this what you want?" Thor asked, insistent. "To stay here, playing his pet-"

"I am *not* his-"

"You certainly aren't his equal," Thor said, brutally honest. "And you *are* afraid of him. I can tell."

Loki clenched his teeth. "Where else would I go, Thor? I don't exactly have a plethora of options. Asgard is gone-"

"No," Thor said. "It isn't. The people live. Heimdall reached out to me. Hela reigns in the city but Heimdall has gathered folk in a refuge. It may not last for long, but if we can go back-"

"If we go back we'll die," Loki said. "I'm not willing to-" He cut off. Thor's expression softened, minutely.

"You're better than this," he said.

"No," Loki said. "I'm really not."

"Maybe not a *lot* better," Thor said. "But you *should* be."

Loki looked away. He didn't really want to say *the Grandmaster might be insane and dangerous*

but he likes me, sort of. He didn't think Thor would approve. Or agree that it was worth it. "If you find a way to leave," he said, "you're leaving alone."

He didn't look at Thor. He really, really did not want to see the expression of profound disappointment he knew must be on his face.

The Grandmaster had truly impeccable timing.

Loki had no idea what he'd been given, but he was fairly sure, by the time he'd come for the fourth time without a break, that it was going to kill him. Possibly that that was the goal. That seemed vaguely consistent with the Grandmaster's style. He could hear himself whimpering, he was fairly sure there were two cocks currently shoved up his ass, and his mouth was stretched open by a ball gag. It was humiliating, overwhelming, intoxicating, and he was very, very aware of the exact degree of control the Grandmaster had over his body.

Which was 'complete and entire.' He could do anything he wanted to Loki, and Loki would let him. There was *nothing* he could hold back.

If he stayed here, he would wear down, until he forgot what he'd meant to do and became exactly what Thor had called him. A pet.

The horror was dim, distant, foggy. At some point the Grandmaster knelt down and ran his hand through Loki's hair and said, "that's it, you're doing great, you're just - you're *gorgeous*, absolutely spectacular," and he flushed and shivered with an awful kind of pleasure.

Afterward, lying limp and boneless in a puddle of sweat and come, Loki went to sleep.

Someone must have dragged him back to his suite, because he woke up, bleary and sore (and thankfully lying on his stomach), back in his bed. Still naked. Still...sticky.

"Loki," Thor said, sounding honestly worried. Oh, wonderful. Thor had seen him like this. That was just - that was *really* the cap on a perfect day.

"Good morning," Loki said. "At least, I assume it's morning."

"It's midafternoon," Thor said after a brief pause. He still sounded worried. Positively *distressed*. Loki turned his head so he could look at him, just so he could fully absorb the look of appalled dismay on his face.

"Ah," Loki said. That was...then again, he wasn't actually sure at what time things had ended. It could have been morning. Or the middle of the night. He honestly had no idea.

"Are you..." Thor trailed off. "Do you need..." Again, awkward silence. Loki did not attempt to help him. "Can I help you?"

Loki turned his face into the pillow and said nothing. He heard Thor fidget.

"Loki?"

Thor had *better* be happy about this. "You win," Loki said faintly.

"What?"

"You win," Loki repeated. "We're leaving."

Works inspired by this one

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